

## Da Vinci's Work His Passion

If Great Painter Ever Loved, It Was the Original of His "Mona Lisa," a Beautiful, Middle-Aged Woman.

By Beatrice C. Peters

LEONARDO DA VINCI brings to our minds the "Last Supper" and "Mona Lisa," and although it is as painter and sculptor that he is best known, he also gained fame as an engineer, philosopher and scientist. He was the illegitimate son of Piero da Vinci, a man of much influence, and Caterina, a peasant girl. Da Vinci saw little of her after Leonardo's birth and scarcely anything is known of her after life. The older Da Vinci was married four times and strange to say, Leonard was welcomed in his home and treated as his other children. Leonard never saw his mother again until her last illness, and in the death of his fame, he did not forget her and was with her when she died.

His birthplace was the little village of Vinci, near Empoli, in Tuscany. The year of his birth was 1452. At an early age Leonardo showed that genius which distinguished him throughout his life. He was a most precocious student and his drawings were so extraordinarily good that his father took him to Florence where he became the pupil of Andrea Verrochio, who seeing that Leonardo could paint so much better than he, never touched a brush again. It is said that Leonardo carried a sketch book fastened to his girdle so that he might sketch every face that appealed to him.

## Founds Milan Academy.

Disatisfied with Florence, Leonardo in 1482 took up his abode in Milan, where he remained for 19 years, during which time he founded the Milan Academy.

In 1485, just four years after Columbus' discovery of America, Leonard started his immortal "Last Supper," which still hangs in the refectory of the monastery of Santa Maria della Grazie, at Milan. This remarkable work has been under water for long periods at a time and has been restored so many times that Leonardo painted it. In 1515 Francis I was so impressed with the picture that he wished to take it back to France, but no one could guarantee the removal of the great wall picture without injury, so the project was abandoned. In 1796 when Napoleon entered Italy, the refectory was used as a stable.

Leonardo returned to Florence, where he noticed many changes, for he was now a man of middle age, and had not been in the city since early manhood.

## No Time For Women.

With his so filled with his experiments, inventions and art, Leonardo had little time for the society of women. There is only one mentioned whom he may possibly have loved, and she was the subject of his "Mona Lisa," of which so much has been written, particularly within the last few years, when it was stolen from the Louvre by an Italian who thought it should be in the hands of his birth.

The fair woman was the third wife of Francesco del Giocondo. Leonardo was so impressed by the sweet expression of his wife's face that he consciously had some one in attendance to keep her amused, musicians, jugglers, jesters and one biographer hints that when these became monotonous, Leonardo was always ready to make love to her, in which art he was probably very proficient. He was at that age most fascinating to women, between 40 and 45, while Francesco had passed middle life.

Leonardo was undoubtedly loved by many women, for besides being one of the loveliest of the day, he was handsome, eloquent, intelligent and a most courteous man. Many people have found resemblance to Mona Lisa in some of his later paintings, so she was probably his inspiration.

The painter died in 1519, in his 67th year and was buried under the flagstone of the church of St. Florentine in Amboise. His devotion to his art alone explains his bachelorhood. He would walk across Milan to change a single tint or the slightest detail in his "Last Supper." He often went to work at day break and did not come down until the light had left him. Besides his devotion to painting and sculpture, he excelled in architecture, engineering, and mechanics generally, botany, anatomy, mathematics and astronomy. He was also a poet and a splendid performer on the lyre.

## "Coming and Going!"



## "Black Troops" Of Africa Aid Allies and Delight In Fighting; Are New Element In European War

France Draws Heavily Upon Her African Subjects and Regiments From the Desert Country Strike Terror to Germans.

By  
Rene Bach

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 31.—Readers of the war news finds frequent mention of unfamiliar kinds of troops that are fighting with the allies and against the Germans. Now it is the "Turcos" that are spoken of; again the "Spahis," and again, the "Senegalese," taking desperate part in the conflict from day to day.

They seem to be terrific fighters. Only a few days ago Gen. von Kluck (commanding the right wing of the German army) said in a dispatch to the Kaiser that he had been pushed back, owing to the arrival of unexpected French reinforcements, mainly "Black men."

But who are the Turcos? And what the Spahis? Whence come the Senegalese, who appear to be most numerous of all these "black troops"? It is generally understood that they are Africans, but nobody has taken the trouble to explain much more about them.

France (like England) is a great Mohammedan power. She owns a large part of Africa, and her possessions in that continent are inhabited by millions of Moslems, as well as by negroes belonging to dozens of native tribes.

French Africa extends all the way from Algeria and Tunis (with their frontage on the Mediterranean) south to the Congo river—a distance equal to that from New York to San Francisco. It includes most of the Desert of Sahara, and may be said to comprise nearly

one third of the total area of the Dark continent. No wonder that Germany has been anxious to grab it.

The Turcos are native regiments of Algerian "l'irailleurs"—meaning sharpshooters. They have long been renowned as ferocious warriors. The Spahis are likewise Algerian troops. They are Arabs, and wear the national dress of those people as a uniform, including turban and burnous—the latter being a toga-like cloak with a hood. It is to be inferred, correctly, that the Senegalese regiments are from Senegal, which is on the west coast of northern Africa. In about the latitude of Cuba, what is called by this name on the map, however, is only a small part of the greater Senegal, which is expanded by French exploration and conquest, comprising many dependent native states.

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Land of Ostriches and Hippopotami. Great Britain owns a narrow strip of the territory in question, the latter extending inland along both sides of the Gambia river. Another and somewhat larger wedge to the south, with a much-indentured Atlantic coast, belongs to Portugal. The territory from the Senegal river to the Gambia river was formerly known as Senegambia.

It is from this region (the greater

Senegal), with its teeming millions of population, that France is drawing at the present time most of her black regiments. Ever since the war began she has been enlisting and equipping fresh native troops in that part of the world; and with practically unlimited numbers of such fighting men available, it may be taken for granted that the Senegalese will from now on be represented in steadily increasing numbers on the firing line of the allies. War is their favorite amusement, and already the Germans are finding them most formidable antagonists.

Even far-off Timbuktu is contributing its quota of black recruits, shipped on steamboats up the Niger. They are men of gigantic size and prodigious strength, these Soudanese, most cheerful and enthusiastic fighters. For centuries their chief occupation has been war, their country having enjoyed the blessings of peace only since the French occupied it, in 1892.

The city called by this name is just about 300 miles from the west coast, being located at that distance almost due east of the mouth of the Senegal river, and the ancient capital of the country known as Timbuktu, which in the fifteenth century was a Moslem empire of vast extent that 60 days were required for a caravan to cross it. The city, as proved by extensive ruins today, was then a veritable African metropolis, a flourishing center of trade and industry, and possessing wonderful libraries.

Downfall of Timbuktu. Its downfall, and that of the empire, seems to have been attributable to the introduction of firearms. The Moors being first in Africa to obtain possession of these instruments of destruction, marched south, easily overcame the resistance offered by the people of Timbuktu, and wiped out the city, which, ravaged again and again by subsequent wars, never regained its earlier importance.

Until within the last few years Timbuktu was known as the "Mysterious city," no white man having succeeded in reaching it across 300 miles of desert. It stands alone in the center of the world, on the southern edge of the Sahara, and today is a great mart for the exchange of the produce of northern Africa for that of the rich countries to the south and west. French money has replaced the cowrie shells which formerly were the medium of exchange at the rate of 2500 for \$1. The city is called the "port of Sahara in the Soudan" and the "meeting point of camel and canoe" the latter destination receiving the traffic by piragua on the Niger, one of the greatest rivers in the world, having a length of 300 miles.

Women Also Fighters. Perhaps it is not surprising for the whole for the Germans that the celebrated Amazon regiments of Dahomey have been disbanded, else female troops from that African possession of the French might possibly be fetched to the scene of conflict in Europe. Dahomey is next neighbor on the east to the German colony of Togoland, a sea-frontage 75 miles long on the Gulf of Guinea. It extends northward all the way to the Niger, a distance of 400 miles, and has over 1,000,000 inhabitants. The latter are pure negro—tall, proud, polite, and warlike. It is understood that several regiments of them are now being recruited and made ready for service in France.

It is entirely within the bounds of reasonable likelihood that before long yellow troops from the French possessions in the far East will make their appearance in Europe. The allies just now are not missing any help, so to speak, or neglecting any chance that can help them to win, and in that part of the world France has a population of 18,000,000 to draw upon. This is in Indo-China, which embraces Annam, Tonkin, Cambodia, and the colony of Cochinchina. She carried a little of the eastern part of the Indo-Chinese peninsula. It is the extreme southeast corner of the continent of Asia, with Siam to the west and Burma to the northwest.

French Indo-China Army. The regular army of French Indo-China consists of over 10,000 native troops—four regiments of Tonkinese, two regiments of Annamese, one battalion of Cambodians, one battalion of Chinese tirailleurs (sharpshooters), two squadrons of Annamese chasseurs (light horse), and two companies of engineers.

Speaking of the "Algerian troops," one is reminded of the "Zouaves," those charming non-combatants of gentler sex, who did military service with the French regiments in the country—though not it is true, with the native organizations—for some time after they had ceased to exist as an institution of war in France. She carried a little of the eastern part of the Indo-Chinese peninsula. It is the extreme southeast corner of the continent of Asia, with Siam to the west and Burma to the northwest.

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## Highest Honors Are Given Young French Soldier For Heroism

Paris, France, Oct. 31.—With the rumble of the enemy's guns as accompaniment, the 12th Regiment of French Infantry did honor to the youngest soldier in their ranks, Leon Lamaire, aged 20, as he was presented with that distinction coveted above all other in the army of the republic, the military medal.

This is how he won it. A few days before the capture of the 15th had sent Lamaire with an important message to

the captain of one of the companies of the regiment in the trenches.

He had no sooner shown himself on the level ground to run forward on his errand than the German troops, whose trenches were here only at short range, opened a fierce fire upon him by volleys. First a bullet passed through the young man's greatcoat; then his cap was struck; his haversack and water bottle were riddled by several shots; then a hole was bored through the scabbard of his bayonet.

Through it all Young Lamaire advanced coolly and without flinching, and finally he reached the trench where the captain to whom he bore the message was—miraculously enough—without a wound.

So now Gen. Huet planed on to his

breathe the little silver medal, and then after the customary embrace he made him stand there by his side while the whole regiment, with colors flying, and with its band playing "La Marseillaise," marched past him with a salute.

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## - Why My Husband Left Me -

The Wife Who Refused to Play Tells How Her Marriage Proved a Failure.



"I believed in saving, in staying at home."

"My husband loved to go to the theater."

BY DOROTHY DIX.

THE reason that my marriage was a failure, said the first woman, "is because I did not know how to play."

"I came of serious, sober-minded folk with whom duty is a fetish. I was brought up to consider what was the right thing to do, not what was the agreeable thing, and to be prudent, economical, and thrifty, and always to keep a weather eye out for a rainy day."

"I fell in love with the most charming, happy-go-lucky fellow who ever lived, a creature of sunshine and laughter to whom happiness was just as necessary as the air he breathed."

"It was this very joyousness, this delight in life that appealed to my bleak Puritanism, though I did not know it then, and for which I married him, and it was my lack of understanding this that wrecked our lives."

"My husband was a good money maker. That kind of man usually is, because people shudder him into success for the sheer pleasure of his gay society, but I was not satisfied with his making money. I wanted to save it. I wanted to see it safely piled up in the bank, and it maddened me to see the careless way in which he let it slip through his fingers."

"I was always lecturing him about his extravagances. I thought he spent a ridiculous amount of money on his clothes, and every time a new suit came home, or a batch of fancy shirts, there was a little scene in which I reminded him of the necessity of saving our money and laying up a competence for our old age."

"My husband loved to go out evenings. He had a child's delight in the light, and music, and gaiety of the cafe, and he was mad about the theater. He always wanted to take me with him first, but my tastes were all quiet, domestic

BY DOROTHY DIX.

It is admitted that most marriages are failures. One in 12 ends in divorce in this country. A percentage of marriages that no man dares calculate ends in utter disillusionment and an estrangement crueler than divorce.

What is the reason of this? On what rocks was a marriage that was started out so heavily and hopefully, wrecked? Were big crime or little sins against love the causes of this bankruptcy?

I have asked several men and women—good men and women—whose marriages are admittedly failures, to tell why their own marriages, entered into with every prospect of success, ended in disaster.

ones. The foolish musical comedies that my husband adored bored me.

"I cared nothing for dress and would not even bother to put on the pretty frocks he bought me, so I always looked downy among the beautifully dressed and bewitched women who were his old friends, and the price of suppers at fashionable restaurants appealed me."

"When I look back now I think I must have been nothing but a killjoy, nothing but a wet blanket on all of his pleasures."

"I can remember well the little shrug of impatience he would give when I insisted that we go to a cheap restaurant, or straight home after the play, and the look of disappointment that his face would take on when I vetoed the plans for merry parties that he was always drawn into, because they would cost money that had better be saved."

"And the more he spent the more frugal I became, and the more I plucked every penny, and because I knew that his friends were as reckless and irresponsible as he was, the more I tried to draw him away from them, and the more I let them see that I considered them a pernicious influence to him."

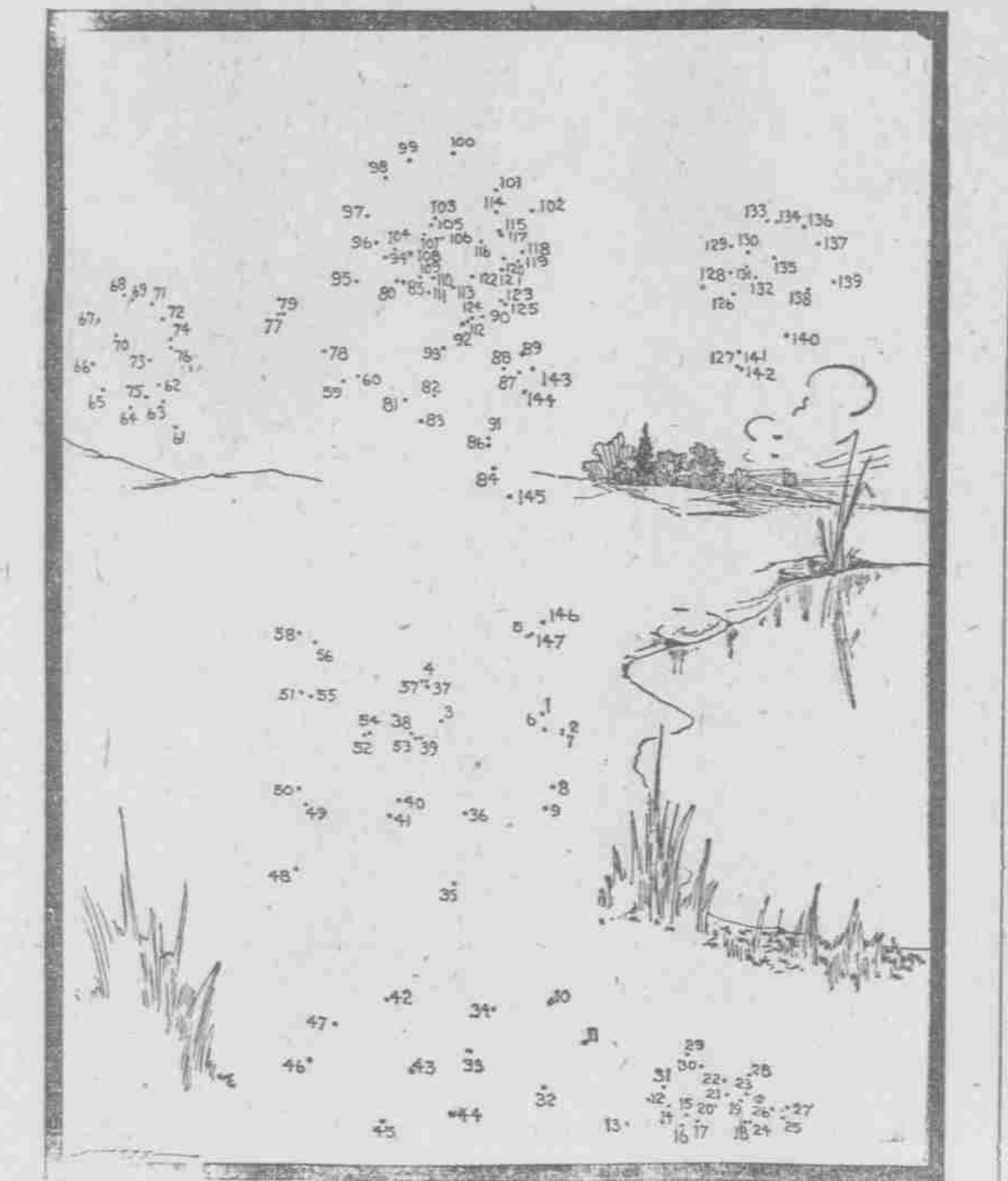
"Of course, theoretically, I was right, but theories don't work out in matrimony. We should have been thrifty and saved our money, instead of waiting it on pleasure. We should have worked instead of playing. The only trouble was that you can't turn a butterfly into a plow horse."

"The real result of my efforts to do my duty, as I saw it, by my husband, was that I drove it away from him. Because I lectured him about his extravagances he began to keep the money secret from me. I don't blame him now. He made the money. Why should he have had to endure a lecture from me every time he spent a dollar?"

"And because I wasn't companionable, because I sat up like a skeleton at every feast, and look the pleasure out of every occasion, he quit taking me about with him. Gradually, so gradually I hardly realized it, I was left out of his pleasures, until at last I woke up to the fact that he never went anywhere with me except upon compulsion, and that I had no part in the life he enjoyed. I represented duty to him, and nothing else. Just that, and the dullness and monotony of marriage. The worst that he loved did not even touch his home."

"Then I knew that I had made a failure of marriage, just because I didn't know how to play. If I had played with my husband, and entered into his pleasures, we might not have saved the money that I wanted, but we should have had something a great deal better than money, something that millions won't buy, and that is love and domestic happiness."

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Complete the Picture by drawing a pencil line between the dots, starting at No. 1 and linking them numerically.